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In the Last Twelve Months -and Not One Dissatisfied Customera Record of Which We Are Justly Proud "For Dainty Biscuits"



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Cole-McIntyre-Norfleet Co.

Wholesale Distributor

REELFOOT LAKE IS

Newberry, Texas Oil Man, Is to Drill Wells and Prospect for Petroleum.

HICKMAN, Ky., July 30. (Spl.)-W. H. Newberry, the Texas millionaire oil a quarter of a million dollars in the Reelfoot Lake section in search of oil, has leased from the state of Tennessee Reelfoot Lake, Gov. Roberts, of Tennessee, having announced Mr. Newberry would be permitted to bore for oil in Reelfoot Lake and must start within aix months, according to the terms of the contract with the state. The contract is that Newberry pays \$100 down and \$10,000 a year to the state and he must have a well \$,000 feet down by Sept. 1, 1920, and must develop each boring started.

Reelfoot Lake will also be protected when borings are sunk in the lake bed, high casings having to be \$8 so that no oil will overflow and reach the lake in case of a strike, thereby preserv-

no oil will overflow and reach the lake in case of a strike, thereby preserving the fish and one of the greatest hunting and fishing spots in the South. After the sensational strike at Lake Caddo, La. where oil was struck in the lake bed interest in whether oil abounded in this section again became manifest. Reelfoot Lake and Caddo Lake are both of volcanic origin and their geological formations are similar, according to geologists' reports. Oil sands are known to exist underneath the lake bed, according to experienced oil men.

oil men.

Since this announcement and the presence of representatives of the different oil companies in the neighborhood of Reeifoot Lake, property in that section has been changing hands rapidly and at swiftly advanced rates.

Mr. Newberry, through local attorneys, has been leasing land between Hickman and the lake and now holds oil rights on around 20,000 acres west of Hickman. Where oil is struck the owner of the property will get a royalty of one-eighth and so much per acre per year.

RETURNED MISSION WORKERS WELCOMED

COLUMBUS, Miss., July 30 (Spl.)—Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Lawrence, both natives of Lowndes county, who for the past 16 years have been engaged in misisonary work in Persia and who are now visiting relatives at their former home in the Caledonia neighborhood, were recently tendered a reception by citizens of that community. More than 200 guests attended the reception, among those present having been Hon. W. H. Smith, president of the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical college at Starkville, and Prof. E. A. Stanley, superintendent of education for Lowndes county.



ILK stockings should never be left un- your grocer, druggist or department store. laundered after a single wearing, as perspiration attacks the fibre and weakens it. Freshen them, the moment they get soiled, in pure Lux suds!

Lux comes in delicate white flakes that dissolve instantly in hot water. You simply toss a tablespoonful into hot water and stir up a rich lather. Then add cold water until the suds are lukewarm -and in your stockings go!

Don't let another pair of your silk stockings be ruined by perspiration. Get Lux today from

THERE IS NOTHING FOR FINE PABRICS LIKE

LUX! YOU CAN TRUST ANYTHING TO LUX.

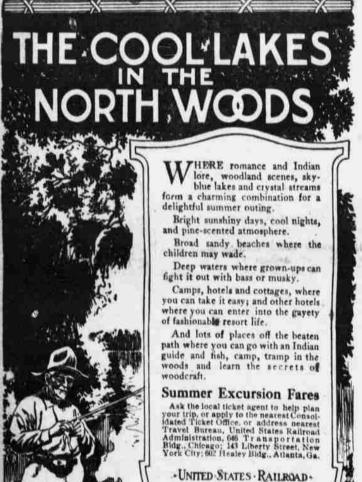
THAT PURE WATER ALONE WON'T INJURE.

-Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

A few don'ts for silk stockings

Never wring silk stockings. Wringing injures the fibre. Just squeeze the water out gently. Always use a warm iron, never a hot one. Heat injures silk fibre and yellows white and delicate colors.

Spread clocked stockings on a towel, and roll immediately to dry. Iron while still damp. This will keep the clocks from running.



·ADMINISTRATION ·

Consolidated Ticket Office.

North Main Street,

The Malaria Mosquito

A mosquito cannot communicate malaria unless it is infected with malaria. The bite of a malaria mosquito will transmit malaria! parasites to the blood of a person and these malarial parasites which feed on the blood should be destroyed before they have time to increase in numbers. Malarial Fever is sometimes called Chills and Fever, Bilious Fever and Swamp Fever.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

possesses the power to entirely neutralize the malarial poison. The Quinine in GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC kills the germ and the Iron enriches the

You can soon feel the Strengthening, Invigorating effect of GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. It is an exceptionally good general strengthening tonic for the Child, for the Mother and all the Family. Pleasant to take. Price 60c.

Perfectly Harmless. Contains No Nux-Vomica or other Poisonous Drugs.

BOTH PHONES TAXIS and AUTOS,

Sprinkling Hose 50 feet Guaranteed Hose, including Couplings and Nozale—

\$7.50, \$8.00 and \$10.00 TOWNER & CO., Inc.

"O. Henry and Al Jennings"

Thrilling Story of Two Men Who Had Most Spectacular Careers of Crime, Served Time and Came Back to Distinguished and Useful Careers.

(Copyright by Al Jennings, 1919.)

(Continued From Previous Issue.)

Continued From Previous Issue.)

CHAPTER FIVE.

"Killed both your boys!"

The broken ory seemed running up the stairs like a distraught presence; pounding along the walls; shaking through the doors. Its quivver beat through the clamorous silence.

Thought stopped. My blood seemed to be running into moiten steel that was wrapping me in quick, hot suffocation. I felt as though I were melting into a lump of motionless terror.

My father's voice sprang through the hush—a how!, tortured and agonized, that trailed into a whistling moan. It shot through me like a cold blade.

Livid gray, helpless, his hands dropped to his sides, his eyes like burnt holes in a white cloth, he slumped against the door.

"Only me—got Ed—Cleaned out—hurry."

It was John. His face was a monstrous red stain. His coat was drenched with blood. His right arm—shattered from the shoulder.

"Hurry!" he gasped. "Go. I'm O. K. Only got me in the neck. Only got me through the chest. Ed's done up. Oh, for God's sake, go and be quick about it."

Ed was dead. John was dying. My Ed was dead. John was dying. My father broken hearted.

And all thanks to me! Never was anybody so whipped with remorse, so crushed. Pretty work my crude violence had done at last. My unbridled temper was the real murderer. If I had not come on this visit! If I had only stayed on the range! If they had only hanged me in Las Cruces! Like a pack of hounds the bitter thoughts kept baying at me as I went that quarter of a mile on to the saloon.

When I lunged through that door the crowd snapped apart like a taut string. Some scooted under the gambling table—others made for the door. The place was cleared.

was cleared.

And there on the floor, lying in a huge blot of warm blood, his face downward, was my brother Ed. He had been shot through the head, just at the base of the brain. Good Impulses Killed.

All that was good and human and soft in me rushed into my throat, cried itself out and died that hour that I sat there with Ed's head in my lap and his blood soaked into my hands and my clothes. Death was stealing into my soul with a blight more fatal than the wrecking of my brother's body.

No one spoke—no one put out a hand to me, until presently the doctor leaned forward. "Al, let me do something; get up now."

At the words the saloon was suddenly a hum with volces. Men crowded about me. Sentences seemed to rush from them like pebbles down a cliff. "He was standing right there playing pitch," some one began. Another and another interrupted.

"They struck from behind—"
"They struck from behind—"
"They speaked in—"
"They maked him when he was down—"

lown—"
"They pumped John—"
"They beat it like coyotes—"
And then they but it all together and told it again and again from the be-

Shooting Follows Apology Call Shooting Follows Apology Call
The saloon was the two-room wooden shack with bar and gambling house combined, the common type in the Middle West a quarter of a century ago. Ed was playing pitch at one of the little side tables in the gambling room. At one end of this room the town band was giving a concert. A score of craps shooters were busy on either side.

Sam Houston and Jack Love came in by the back door, passed in front of the band and separated, Houston going toward Ed. Love sneaking, unseen behind his table. Both men were drunk.

seen behind his table. Both men were drunk.

"Are you going to apologize?" Houston blubbered. Ed turned and faced him. His back was to Houston.

"When you're sober come back. Apologies will be settled then."

"That's all I wanted to know." Houston answered, shuffling off. At the same instant Love jammed his 45 against Ed's head and fired. As he dropped Houston rushed up and pumped two hullets into my brother's skull.

When the shooting broke the gamblers barricaded themselves behind the tables. Men in the barroom scurried into the street. John was standing outside. He rushed in as Ed fell. Half way across the outer room Houston and Love caught him with a full volley. Before anyone recovered from the sudden panic the murderers were gone.

Lawless Temper Cause.

Lawless Temper Cause.

They brought Ed home. John lay dying. My father sat up and watched. I could not go near the house. I went out to the barn and walted. I felt like another Cain.

There was no indecision in my hind. I knew that my lawless temper had precipitated the killing. But Love had been laying for Ed. He had ribbed

Houston to the shooting. They had murdered deliberately, cowardly—they had shot from behind.

Before the night was ever the news went like a fiame through the country. Woodward held its breath and waited for the answering shot.
Houston and Love would come back. They expected me to get them.
The remorse of the night before had reared like a coiled snake into a poisonous vengeance. There would be no quitting now.

The mean, sordid gray of early morning had just streaked the night sky. My father came to the barn. He looked tail and grim, but bianched as a leper.
"Come in with me," his voice seemed pressed and flattened with misery. "Come in here." He led the way to the room where John lay in a moaning delirium.
"There's one," he pointed.

And then he moved sliently into the other room where Ed had been placed on the board table.

My father's cavernous eyes glowed into mine in a blasing scrutiny.

into mine in a blasing scrutiny.
"There's two," he said.
"Now what are you going to do? Are
you going to finish us?"

It was like a whip lash cutting a welt across my face. I felt like a beaten, cowering dog.

Neither of us spoke. It was hard even to breathe. I could see that my father's hand trembled. I did not want to look into his accusing face.

What did he mean? Did he expect the to do nothing, while the whole of Woodward waited for the blow?

He knew the spirit of these prairie towns. Men settled their own accounts in swift and deadly fashion. Ex-fugitives and old range men made up the population. They paid little tribute to law. CHAPTER SIX.

tives and old range men made up the population. They paid little tribute to law. The marshals who administered it were the meanest men in the country. They were all former horse thieves, fustlers or renegade highwaymen.

The outlaws did their financeering with a six-shooter; the marshals used a whisky bottle.

I have seen them, dozens of times deliberately sneak the bottle into the schooner wagons going across the plains; double back on the occupants, search the wagons find the bottle, tie their victims to the trees, hold them until the scoundrelly trick gave them about 10 prisoners. Then they would drive them all into Fort Smith, produce their fraudulent evidence, collect mileage and cold-bloodedly have those innocent men sent up for four or five years on the charge of introducing liq-

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Geo T. Brodnax

INCORPORATED. 22 South Main St., MEMPHIS.

The marshals grabbed off about \$2,000 The cowpuncher and the on the deal. The compuneer and the outlaw were clean men by comparison. They took little stock in the justice of sneak thieves.

These things I knew, It was not murder to strike down the men who had shot from the back. In the Middle West shot from the back. In the Middle West it was honor.

It was not honor that I wanted, but vengeance. Ed and I had been 12 years together. He had taken the place of Stanton, of Chicken. He was more than either to me. Big natured; clear brained, the gentlest fellow that ever lived—and there he was with the back of his poor head blown off with the murderous bullets.

"Listen to me!" My father's voice seemed rumbling through a wall of pain. It jerked me back, "Listen to me. There's been killing enough. There's been sorrow enough.

been sorrow enough.

"Your brother has paid the penalty of lawlessness John, too, may pay. Where will it end? When Woodward runs with blood?"

He went on as though he were pos-

sessed.

"You shall not do it." I am the judge here. I was appointed when the county was formed. I was named to maintain the law. If my own sons will not stand by me what can I expect from others?"

All of a sudden he stopped. His color-less face seemed crumpled with misery. "Al, you won't do anything till Frank comes, will you?"

Father Has Way.

Father Has Way.

Frank came in from Denver. My father had his way.

'Let them go to trial," he said. "He wants it. I'll do no killing."

Frank was always like that, impulsive, soft hearted, generous—undecided until he got into action, then he tore ahead deadly and reientless as a very hell on wheels. I felt a blazing hatred against them all in my heart. I made one promise. I would wait until the trial was over. If the law failed, I would strike.

But we could not stay in Woodward. Not even the old gentleman could stand that. He took John down to Tecumseh and almost immediately was named a judge there. Frank and I went down to the sheriff. Tom Oden, and told him we would wait. He was disappointed.

"May want to hit the bull's eye later, boys. When you reckon to bust them off. Tom Oden's house is yours."

Nearly every range in the prairies sheltered and winked at outlaw gangs. From peeler to highwaymen was a short step.

Frank and I went down to the Spike S to hang up till after the trial.

Ideal Home to Hide Fugitives.

Ideal Home to Hide Fugitives.

John Harliss owned the range. The Snake creek and the Arkansas river ran through his 100,000 acres. It was an ideal haunt for fugitives. Harliss was hospitable. The Conchorda mountains, like tremendous black towers, formed a massive wall on one side. The cliff came down to the creek. On the near side of the water the land rolled out in a magnificent sweep of low hills and valleys. out in a magnificent sweep of low hills and valleys.

Once across the Snake creek to the mountain side, and capture was almost impossible. Dogwood, pecan trees, briar and cottonwood matted together and spread like a jungle growth up the heights. There was but one old herd trall up the mountain and there wasn't a marshall in the state would set a horse toward it.

It was across the Snake creek and up the Conchorda that I made my last race against the law, years later.

I went cow punching there; Frank went over to Pryor's creek, 20 miles distant.

The branding pen was just at the

'Ain't much in range work." he endsitting on the porch of the ranch

sitting on the porch of the ranchhouse. I was standing in the door. A nester rode up. We knew that something had happened.

The nester comes only to bring news. If there's one fellow in the world that loves gossib it's these purfy little farmers that nestle in the flats. It makes thim big with importance.

John Harliss was a blond giant. He towered over the blustering nester.

"Ain't heard the news, hev ye?" Then he caught sight of me and added furtively. "They cleared the fellows that killed Jennings brother."

(To Be Continued).

Baby's Second Summer GROVE'S BABY BOWEL MEDICINE will correct the Stomach and Bowel Troubles and it is absolutely harmless. Can be given to infants with perfect safety. See directions on the bottle. 30c.

14 HURT WHEN STREET CAR JUMPS OFF BRIDGE

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 30.—Four-teen persons were injured, none fatally, when a street car plunged over an abut-ment of the Gay street viaduct, which is being rebuilt, early Tuesday night. The car dropped 30 cet and turned over. Wet rails, following a rain was attributed the cause of the accident.

NERVOUS, TRY PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

when one stops to consider the host of thin people who are searching continually for some method by which they may increase their flesh to normal proportions by the filling out of ugly hollows, the rounding off of protruding angles with the attendant bloom of health and attractiveness, it is no wonder that many and varied suggestions along this line appear from time to time in public print.

While excessive thinness might be attributed to various and subtle causes in different individuals it is a well-known fact that the lack of sufficient phosphorus in the human system is very largely responsible for this condition. Experiments on humans and animals by many scientists have demonstrated beyond question of doubt that a body deficient in phosphorous becomes nervous, sickly and thin. A noted author and professor in his book. "Chemistry and Food Nutrition," published in 1318, says: " a that the amount of phosphorous required for the normal nutrition of man is seriously underestimate! In many of our standard text books."

It seems to be well established that this deficiency in phosphorous may now be met by the use of an organic phosphate known throughout English speaking countries as Bitro-Phosphate. Through the assimilation of this phosphate by the nerve tissue the phosphate

the Conchorda that I made my last race against the law, years later.

I went cow punching there: Frank went over to Pryor's creek, 20 miles distant.

The branding pen was just at the edge of the timber on the near side of the creek. Harliss was not overparticular as to the owfership of the calves branded. His pen was well concealed.

Nester Tells News.

One morning we were marking the cattle. Five men rede up, nodded to Harliss and began striping off the meat from the carcass hanging in the trees. One of them came over to me.

"Reckon you don't remember me? Reckon you don't remember me? Reckon you don't remember me? Reckon you don't remember me? The knew of the shooting is Last Cruces. He knew of my brother's murder. He knew of my brother's murder. He knew of my brother's murder. He knew of my brother's murder.

Dargains You Should Not Miss

The greatest shoe bargains that will be offered for years are in our Big Bargain Basement. All odd lines and broken sizes from our big sale have been sent to the basement for final clearance. Good shoes were never sold cheaper. It's true the sizes are broken, but you will find your size in a number of good styles. Come tomorrow.

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your mouth or how many un-satisfactory sets of teeth you have had made, we guarantee to make you a set that will fit,

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